

CHAPTER VIII.
THE ANSWER.

The words were in the mouth of Weston Rundell when the sharp report of a Winchester rifle split the stillness, accompanied by a screech that showed an Apache had done duty as a target; then another and another until the guns seemed to be spitting from a dozen different points.

Suddenly there was a jingle of glass in front of the three startled ones, and the splinters flew into the faces of Rundell and Edith. Pushing her aside, he caught the arm of her mother and forced her, too, out of range.

"What does it mean?" asked the latter.

"Your husband and the cattlemen have arrived not a moment too soon. I must give them help."

He started to climb out of the window, but Edith seized his hand.

"We may need you here! Stay!"

"You are right," he replied, stepping back, with gun grasped, but seeing no way in which to get in the shot he longed to fire.

If there had been no shooting down to this time, there was enough now to bring up the average. It was noticeable that the shots receded. There were four white men who needed but a few minutes to learn the precise situation. They found the dismounted Apaches mostly at the front of the house, and they opened fire upon them with a vengeance, darting hither and thither and exposing themselves recklessly.

It was not often that such a band of marauders were surprised, but it was so in this instance. Had they known the precise number of their assailants they would have put up a better fight, but the rapidity of the firing, the vigor of the attack and the hullabaloo created by the wrathful ranchmen gave the impression that they outnumbered the Apaches, who devoted their energies to getting out of one of the worst traps in which they were ever caught.

Their branches had been left a short distance off on the open plain, in charge of two of their number, who, rightly interpreting the cause of the tumult, vaulted upon the backs of their ponies and dashed away at headlong speed, leaving their comrades to look out for themselves. Frightened by the racket, the other horses scattered in the darkness, their owners hurrying after them as best they could. Nothing inspires courage more than the sight of a fleeing foe, and as the shadowy forms were seen scurrying off the whites followed, firing without being able to secure good aim, but nevertheless doing execution; for, when the singular fight was over, four of the dusky miscreants were stretched lifeless on the plain, while others limped out of sight with wounds from which they could never recover.

Convinced that all danger was over, James Huntley and his companions came back to the ranch, where they were admitted by the joyful occupants. One of the men had received a slight wound in the arm, while a second displayed a red ridge along his cheek that showed how narrow his escape had been, and these made up the sum of the harm done.

The father clasped his wife and daughter to his breast in turn, and thanked God that everything had come out so well when for a time he had feared the worst. He was astonished to find Weston Rundell with his precious ones, but remarked:

"I knew that, wherever you were, you would give a good account of yourself."

"I have done little," he replied, "except to prevent Mrs. Huntley and Edith from walking into the trap that that infernal We-way-ma set for them."

"How was that?"

As a matter of precaution the door was secured, and the five men and two women took positions to prevent any stealthy shot from reaching them. Then Rundell told of their experience with the young Apache, who had so completely won the confidence of mother and daughter. His prudence and readiness of mind were commended by every one of the male listeners, but the women remained silent. Even if convinced of their mistake it could hardly be expected that they would unhesitatingly admit it.

A comparison of experience now disclosed the curious fact that not one of the four men had fired at We-way-ma. Most of the shooting had occurred at the front of the building, where the main party were awaiting the appearance of the young Apache and his victims. One of the ranchers had splintered the rear window, but in doing so he aimed at a buck who in the gloom he was able to discern wore no sombrero, as did We-way-ma.

"I think I saw him," remarked Huntley, "for a figure darted past me, running at full speed and with a sombrero on his head."

"Why did you not shoot him?" asked Rundell.

"In the obscurity I feared he might be one of us, his headgear being the same, and before I could make certain he was gone."

"It is too bad," said Rundell disappointedly, "for he is likely to turn up soon with another band of raiders, and we shall have all this to go over again."

"We'll fetch him next time," declared one of the cattlemen, compressing his lips and shaking his head. "If the nature of the beast, and it will take

a Winchester bullet to cure him."

The exciting incidents drove away for a long time all thoughts of sleep from the parties who had had such a stirring experience. Two of the ranchmen went outside and kept vigilant watch until morning, though there was not one chance in a thousand that any of the Apaches would return to the spot where they had been so roughly ill used, and in fact nothing more was seen or heard of them.

When the night was well advanced those who were not doing guard duty withdrew to their couches and did not awaken until the sun was shining. Before the morning meal was finished a squad of United States cavalry reined up in front of the house, and the lieutenant in charge told an interesting story.

Word had been sent to the authorities by We-way-ma of the expected outbreak, so that the soldiers were quickly in the saddle and on the heels of the raiders. The survivors had been rounded up and returned to the reservation, where, because of the terrible handling they received at Huntley's ranch and the prompt action of the cavalry, they were likely to remain quiescent for an indefinite time to come. It was not often that a revolt was squelched so summarily at its very beginning.

The soldiers were gone, the meal was concluded, and the men were smoking their pipes before the cattlemen should return to the hills to look after the immense herd, when, to the boundless astonishment of all, We-way-ma, the young Apache, staggered around to the front of the house, his dusky face lurid with weakness and pain.

"May I sit down?" he asked faintly, holding the erect position with difficulty, while he looked pitifully for the permission that he feared would not be granted.

Weston Rundell bounded forward and caught his arm with a curious sinking of the heart.

"Come inside. You are ill. Lean on me."

The others made way for the couple, and Rundell almost carried the sufferer through the open door and gently placed him in a chair that Edith hastily set for him. He looked his thanks to the two that had been kind to him. That he was suffering intense anguish was evident to the rest, who gathered sympathizingly around him. A white person would have fainted, but the Apache compressed his thin lips and resolutely held the mastery over his growing weakness.

Weston Rundell saw that which escaped the eye of every one else. There was a small orifice in the breast of We-way-ma's buttoned coat. Slight of itself, he had also pinched and kneaded the cloth in such a way that it was only by accident the young man discovered the proof that a Winchester bullet had entered there and inflicted a wound to which the youth must soon succumb. Doubtless it had passed entirely through his body, though Rundell dared not lean over to look behind the shoulder, lest he should draw attention to the hurt, the blood from which the Apache had managed in some way to keep hidden.

Since he must have received his wound during the fight, hours before, he had lain alone and unattended during the interval, resolutely repressing all evidence of pain, until after the sun had risen, when he came forward to die among those whom he loved.

There were two or three minutes' silence, during which Huntley brought out his whisky flask and, placing it to



"That yours," he added, still smiling. The pallid lips, compelled the youth to swallow a little. It revived him slightly, and, looking up at the ranchman, he faintly smiled.

"Thank you! My people found out I try to save women. They watch for me at rear. Then they shoot me, just as you people shoot. I fall down. I soon die."

Turning toward Rundell, whose distrust the Apache had understood from the first, despite the effort to suppress it, he asked with infinite pitifulness: "Do you believe We-way-ma?"

"Yes," replied the other in a choking voice. "God forgive me for my injustice to one of the truest heroes that ever lived."

A smile lit up the ghastly face of We-way-ma, and he feebly shoved one hand through the front of his coat to an inner pocket, from which he drew an envelope.

"That yours," he added, still smiling. The wondering Rundell tore it open. As he did so he saw that it contained \$4.25 in money, the exact amount of the railway fare he had paid for the young Apache weeks before. There was also a line in his neat handwriting:

With much thanks to my friend for his kindness. We-way-ma does not forget and will give his life for his white brother and sister.

As Rundell read aloud these words the only dry eyes in the room were We-way-ma's. Mrs. Huntley raised her apron to her face and sobbed.

Edith Huntley stepped forward, placed one arm around the neck of the youth, whose face showed the great change that was upon him, and kissed the swarthy cheek.

"Poor We-way-ma! I never doubted you."

He looked up into the glowing tear-stained countenance and faintly murmured:

"I loved you—goodbye"—

And so he died.

THE END.

As he understands it, remarked the intelligent foreigner, "you Americans regard George Washington's hatchet as the emblem of truth."

"Yes, sir, that's right," replied the American proudly.

"Then, when statesmen or other individuals who have quarreled, bury the hatchet, I suppose they cease to speak the truth?"—Detroit Free Press.

Inspiring Hope.

The Doctor—Bear up. I must tell you the worst—you can't possibly recover.

The Client—That's a pity, for if I'd lived a bit longer I should have come into a fortune; as it is, I haven't a penny to pay you with, doctor.

The Doctor—Well, now, don't give up hope. We'll try to mend you. We'll try.—Illustrated Bits.

WHEAT UP THREE CENTS.

Buying Movement Is Renewed on Harrowing Tales of Crop Damage.

CHICAGO, March 29.—Damage of an alleged harrowing description to winter wheat set the trade in commotion today, adding 2½¢ to the value of May wheat, and 3¢ to July. Corn, oats and provisions all benefited, the improvement being ½¢ in corn, ¼¢ in oats, 10¢ in pork, 2½¢ in lard and 3¢ in ribs.

WHEAT—May, 78½¢; July, 79½¢.
CORN—May, 30½¢; July, 30½¢.
POKES—May, 82½¢; July, 83½¢.
RIBS—May, 14½¢; July, 14½¢.
LARD—May 33½¢; July, 33½¢.

Cash quotations: No. 2 red wheat, 74½¢; No. 3 spring, 69½¢; No. 2 hard, 65¢; No. 2 white corn, 35½¢; No. 2 oats, 27½¢.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, March 29.—Cattle—Receipts, 13,000; a light supply of cattle today in connection with a fairly active general demand checked the recent declining tendency of prices and imparted more strength to the better class of offerings; sales were on a basis of \$10.00-\$15.00 for light weight plain beef cattle up to \$5.00-\$5.55 for pretty good to strictly choice shipping beefs, exporters being good buyers at \$5.00; the greater part of the sales were at \$4.50-\$5.35, western fed steers bringing \$4.20-\$5.50; Texas steers, \$3.00-\$5.00, and calves \$4.00-\$5.50. Hogs—Receipts, 30,000; although the supply of hogs could not be called large, prices opened lower, but firmed up about 2½¢ later on the strength of a good demand on local and shipping account; fair to choice, \$3.75-\$3.87½; heavy packing lots, \$3.55-\$3.72½; mixed, \$3.55-\$3.72½; butchers', \$3.00-\$3.85; lights, \$3.55-\$3.72½; pigs, \$3.35-\$3.45. Sheep—Receipts, 14,000; trade in sheep was animated and the recent advance was maintained; poor to prime sheep sold at \$2.25-\$5.00; yearlings, \$4.75-\$5.10 and lambs were in active request at \$5.00-\$5.50.

South Omaha Live Stock.

SOUTH OMAHA, March 29.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,500; active, stronger; native beef steers, \$4.10-\$5.30; western steers, \$3.50-\$4.70; Texas steers, \$3.00-\$4.50; cows and heifers, \$3.70-\$4.30; canners, \$2.50-\$3.50; stockers and feeders, \$3.80-\$4.40; calves, \$4.00-\$5.75; bulls, stags, etc., \$2.75-\$4.00. Hogs—Receipts, 9,000; \$5.10-\$5.50; heavy, \$3.55-\$3.85; mixed, \$3.55-\$3.90; light, \$3.55-\$3.90; pigs, \$3.35-\$3.50; butchers', \$3.55-\$3.75. Sheep—Receipts, 3,200; shade higher; yearlings, \$4.60-\$5.10; western muttons, \$4.20-\$4.60; stock sheep, \$3.25-\$4.25; lambs, \$4.40-\$5.00.

Almanac of the Day.

Thursday—Sun rises at 6:48; sets at 6:22. Moon rises at 10:31 p. m.

Weather Forecast—Nebraska: Snow; colder in western portion; northerly winds. Iowa: Rain or snow; north winds.

Railroad Palaces.

The new palace, sleeping cars, built specially for the Union Pacific and recently put into service on their famous fast trains to Colorado, Utah, California and Oregon points, are the finest ever turned out.

Throughout the interior the draperies, wood work and decorations are in the most artistic style, and the conveniences vastly superior to anything ever seen before.

These cars are attached to the Union Pacific fast trains, which make quicker time to all Western points than trains of any other lines.

Tickets and reservations can be obtained by calling on or addressing, F. W. JUNEKMAN, Agent.

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Families in the country should always keep Brazilian Balm on hand. It is the doctor in the house, always ready and reliable. For colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, asthma, pleurisy, rheumatism, constipation, female troubles, and all kinds of fevers it acts like magic, and saves many a doctor's bill and many a long sickness.

Asthma Can Be Cured.

J. R. Niblo, ex-school superintendent of Rochester, Pa., says: "I have been a great sufferer from asthma for years, but I have had a splendid winter, owing to the surprising efficacy of Brazilian Balm." A lady in Cincinnati, who had suffered with asthma for 17 years, could not lie down; was perfectly cured with Brazilian Balm.

This Is Your Opportunity.

On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

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Had Catarrh 36 Years.

Josiah Bacon, conductor on the P. W. & B. R. R., says: "I had suffered with catarrh for 36 years and regarded my case as hopeless. One day I saw the testimonial of Geo. H. Hearn in a Brazilian Balm circular. Hearn was the engineer on my train and I knew his case was desperate. I talked with Hearn and his cure gave me hope. I began the use of the Balm at once. There was not much change for the first two months but then I began to improve and in six months, to my inexpressible satisfaction, I was entirely cured."

A Sound Liver Makes a Well Man.

Are you bilious, constipated or troubled with jaundice, sick headache, bad taste in mouth, foul breath, coated tongue, dyspepsia, indigestion, hot, dry skin, pain in back and between the shoulders, chills and fever, etc. If you have any of these symptoms your liver is out of order, and your blood is slowly being poisoned, because your liver does not act promptly. Herbine will cure any disorder of the liver, stomach or bowels. It has no equal as a liver medicine. Price 75 cents. Free trial bottle at C. M. FORNEY'S.

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Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment gives instant relief. It allays inflammation and heals. It is prompt in its action and positive in its effect. It is the kind that cures without pain or discomfort. It is for piles only. 50 cents. Tubes, 75 cents. C. M. FORNEY.

Stop that barking by the use of Ballard's Horsehold Syrup. It arrests the cough, allays irritation of the throat, and relieves congestion of the lungs in a day. It is safe and pleasant to take, and never disappoints. 25 and 50 cents. C. M. FORNEY.

The fat undertaker. Who plants by the acre. Poor victims of cough and cold. Is fighting and crying. For we're all stopped dying. Since Brazilian Balm was sold. And for those who desire. Not just yet to go higher. It is worth its weight in gold.

If your child has thin, pale cheeks, uncertain appetite and restless sleep, it has worms, and curing with strong medicine only makes conditions worse, by irritating its delicate stomach. White's Cream Vermifuge is mild but certain in effect, and is a superior tonic as well as a positive worm destroyer. C. M. FORNEY.

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Chas. Broome, 850 South Second St., Philadelphia, says: "It took only two months for Brazilian Balm to cure me of dyspepsia with which I suffered over 30 years. Now I have no pain or stomach cough, and can eat anything. Brazilian Balm beats the world."

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Mrs. A. J. Lawrence, of Beaver, Pa., says: "Brazilian Balm brought me out of a severe attack of pneumonia in splendid shape. It is a wonderful remedy for coughs and lung troubles. Also, for outward use, for burns, cold-sores, and chapped hands and face, it cures like magic. It is invaluable in the family."

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